EDUCATIONAL MATERIAL for ADULTS ONLY

$6.00

HARD 2

A PICTORIAL and LITERARY STUDY

Foreword by JACK MULLER M.D.

PORNOGRAPHY: Rx FOR SOCIAL & PERSONAL AILMENTS

by Jack Muller, M.D.

The word "pornography" (from Greek terms meaning the depiction of harlots and their activities) does not, in our culture, have quite so evil a connotation as the term "obscenity". The latter is a more inclusive term of less clear definition, as we noted in an earlier issue of this publication.

One may include pollution, prejudice, politics and war under the general heading of obscenities, but the term pornography is pretty much limited to sex and its portrayals.

Nevertheless, pornography is regarded by many people (fewer today, one may hope, than twenty years ago) as a very serious evil, and not just as an evil in itself, but as a presumed chief cause of far greater evils, from impotence and epilepsy, to sexual attacks on children and defenseless women, to total degeneration of the entire social fabric.

Much is said today about the fact that we allegedly live in a "permissive" society. What this means in the main is that in much of the so-called civilized world, since the late 1950's, the boundaries of what is ordinarily prosecuted as obscene and pornographic (the terms are often used as synonyms—since neither term has any clear meaning, those who attempt to define them have to make do with saying that pornographic means obscene, and obscene means appealing to prurience, and prurience means pornographic, which gets us back where we started, that is, nowhere) have been rolled back, despite the desperate efforts of puritans to reverse the process.

Two decades ago, a Beverly Hills art dealer could be arrested for displaying a copy of Michaelangelo's *David* in his window; films were regularly withheld from public view for even suggesting that lovers did anything more sensual that walking off together into the sunset; *ONE Magazine*, America's first open homophile publication, was charged with obscenity for even suggesting that homosexuals constituted a segment of the community with rights to their own life styles; and comedian Bob Hope was cut off the air for quipping,

> "If the skirts get any higher
> And the wind blows any harder,
> There'll be two more cheeks to powder
> And another place to shave"

a line which would hardly seem especially blue on *Laugh-In* today.

THE LOWEST TYPE OF SCUM

It is astonishing that although publisher Ralph Ginzberg has just recently gone to prison, after a long and unsuccessful appeal of a 1966 conviction which rested chiefly on the Supreme Court's view that Ginzberg's use of postal services at Intercourse, Pennsylvania and Middlesex, New Jersey, constituted pandering, his publications would seem by almost all standards tame and tasteful today.

(continued on page 4)

IN THIS ISSUE:

Dick Kendall & Larry Olsen page 2
Larry Nichols & Bob Rodgers page 14
Les Rich & Jerry South page 25
Jerry Fulton & David St. David page 36

It is more astonishing that the hysterical and wildly exaggerated bleatings of the censorious about great tides of allegedly pornographic materials have not themselves been regarded as far more interesting specimens of pathology than the sex-oriented materials will disturb them.

On Michael Jackson's TV show, *The Big Question*, Stanley Fleishman, peerless among censorship attorneys, noted that the public always laughs at the things that were considered dangerously obscene last year, when it is censorship itself that is the ultimate obscenity.

And Jackson (May 7, 1972) replied with one of the tiredest canards of the liberal who poses as being against censorship, but really objects to some things being shown: "But after all, sex isn't really a spectator sport."

We will return to such objections later.

First to those who really feel threatened, rather than just bored, with pornography:

Municipal Court Judge Gerald Kepple of Los Angeles, frustrated 15 years ago at his inability to convict the publisher of some of the fairly mild materials being sold then, vented his spleen in words that have been enchoed by many another judge who found that the Constitution and the Warren Court stood in the way of a free exercize of venal judicial bias:

"You are the lowest type of scum that crawls out from under a rock."

Such judicial "impartiality" is still to be found in some of the circuit-riding judges who are today pursuing renewed censorship drives, judges who apparently sit through adult films to test their own libidinous reactions before issuing warrants for the arrest of projectionists and the seizure of films. And they still express the same criminal contempt of the higher courts.

At the time of Judge Kepple's outburst, before the higher courts had to some degree set limits on censorship, police regularly came into court in prosecutions of "porno peddlers" with stacks of letters allegedly from irate parents who had opened their offsprings' mail and complained to authorities:

" . . . and these disgusting morons and parasites should be prosecuted."

"I am an Army officer in Okinawa. I'd like to punch the mailers of this filth in the nose."

The pathology of the complainers was overlooked and arrests were made — just as today a Lieutenant in charge of Hollywood Vice says that arrests of suspected homosexuals or hustlers have to be made whenever a "citizen" complains, even though he goes on to describe the persistent complainer as a crank who regularly accuses him of being in league with Gay Liberationists and Selma Avenue hustlers.

It is astonishing, nowadays, to look back to the temper of the censorship battle fifteen years ago, to reread the typical statements of the L.A. Police Department's Pornography Squad, which could easily have come from any other city at the time:

" . . . There exists publications of sorts, some of which are printed in Mexico, that depict situations never encountered in the animal kingdom. In fact, a breeder of domestic animals would look around for a new stock if he observed among his herds such deviations from a healthy norm as are encountered frequently by alert young officers. . . .

"The publications, photographs and films in this particular category cater to the 200,000 homosexuals that

are said to exist in the Los Angeles area and to morbidly curious youths and adults. . . . "

One might hope that the LAPD's "alert young officers" have since learned a bit more about the varied sexual practices of livestock, but perhaps they have not. At any rate, they have spent a great deal of time pouring over the contents of the magazines displayed in adult porno shops. The current rule seems to be that if the officer is sufficiently aroused to maintain an erection for an hour or so of browsing activity, an arrest of the owner or the store clerk is justified, and the officer's own prurient reactions make him an expert witness.

One must recollect what innocent material was being prosecuted fifteen years ago. In the homosexual area, most of it consisted of little more than muscular models in posing straps, occasionally in mildly suggestive poses.

It is time for the defense in such cases to begin demanding expert testimony regarding the psychological fitness of the officers and judges who are so upset by pornography that they must spend endless hours viewing and pursuing it. Not that any judge would dare admit such a line of questioning in his court! For it calls into question, what ought to have been questioned from the start: his own motives and biases that enter into any judgement on his part as to any alleged obscenity. . . .

The Catholic National Office of Decent Literature long operated by the manipulation of phoney "customer" protests against newsstands, drugstores and markets carrying relatively innocent publications such as *Playboy*. They delivered "warnings" to dealers, reading, in part:

"Everyone knows the bad effects of reading lewd, suggestive, obscene stories, jests and pictures, especially the so-called 'Art' Nudes."

Everyone knows *what* effects?

A. J. Gray, a Culver City Baptist preacher, told a Calif. Assembly subcommittee, "We have the right to disbar these things because we do disbar other factors which we recognize that young people are not mature enough to handle."

But that was before the U.S. Supreme Court laid down the principle that so-called pornography could not be barred from adults on the dubious grounds of "protecting" juveniles.

We go back a few years in order to trace some of the curious arithmetical jugglery of the censors. For years, headline-hunting legislative and congressional committees, investigating the alleged effects of pornography on juvenile delinquency, have made much of the notion that pornography is "an alarmingly big business," with widely published estimates in the mid-1950's running as high as three to four million dollars annually for the nation.

Even if this figure had any solid statistical basis, it would not seem very impressive when compared to the cost of a single load of bombs, dropped day after day over Viet Nam. Nor do the Cassandras of the "tide of filth" ever note that this wild guess of the gross income of the pornography trade would in any case be divided up between hundreds of photographers, printers, editors, writers, distributors, defense attorneys and thousands of newsdealers — with better than a third of the total income going to the U.S. Post Office, the only profiteer in the porn business.

The fact is, all but a few porno producers and distributors are marginal operators, working extra long hours for an income that is not much better than what the average plumber brings in. And few of the "big operators" net a much better income than the average lawyer or doctor.

Some years after the figure approaching half a billion was given wide circulation, when the now-current Lagomarsino censorship bills in California were just being proposed, Attorney General Lynch spent $50,000 of taxpayer's money to discover that the "smut and sex

(continued on page 8)

oriented materials industry" grosses $19 million annually in California and that that figure is half the national total, a fantastic comedown in light of clear evidence that the quantity of pornographic sales had gone up considerably, as had average prices.

The report noted that more than 100 firms operated in Los Angeles alone, but admitted that a large part of their income (included in the $19,000,000 figure) derived from publications (such as hot rod, surfing and other sports magazines, and orthodox political printing) which were not pornographic.

Perhaps it was these discrepancies that led the L.A. Times two years later (11-3-69) to scale down Lynch's total gross to five million, even though they upped the number of L.A. Companies to 200, and even though the later article reported heavy growth in the porn business. Such business growth, that can jump from three or four hundred million nationally in 1956 to 38 million (double the California figure) in 1967 to 10 million in 1969! The national debt should grow like that!

Peculiarly, the Times' article admitted that in spite of all the hysteria about sales to juveniles, "it is essentially an adult business, selling to an audience so varied that it defies categorization."

To further complicate their own arithmetic, they describe one seller as grossing over three million (and earning $165,000 out of that) and note that one dealer who netted roughly $100,000, *before* taxes, spent more than that in legal fees fighting off the censors.

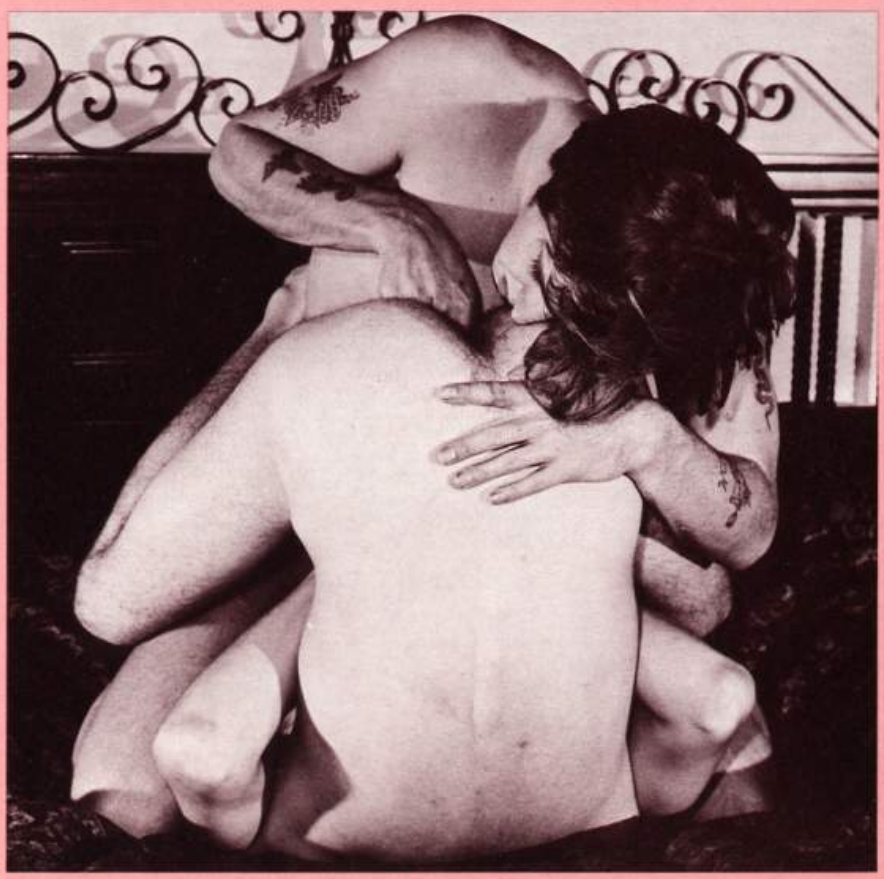
The fact is that all the figures bandied about so easily about the size of the porno trade are no more reliable than the estimates of the psychological and social effects of pornography.

THE DEGRADING INFLUENCE

It is an unquestioned article of faith with most opponents of pornography that it is the cause of all sorts of sex crimes and diseases.

Senator Kefauver, who made the coonskin cap famous fifteen years ago, said (while otherwise parading as a liberal) that "Pornography — one of the filthiest rackets in the United States, is often directed at young people. . . . All of the testimony . . . shows that it is a degrading influence, that it has been striking at the moral foundation of youth, and undoubtedly has contributed to juvenile delinquency . . . one of the principal causes of outrageous sex murders and sex crimes."

(continued on page 16)



That wild charge, taken seriously by many who should know better, is at the root of repititious and totally unfounded charges flung out with amazing regularity by police spokesmen, religious bigots and legislators.

Texas radio station owner Gordon McLendon kicked up a nationwide stir in 1967 by claiming that many of the lyrics by the Rolling Stones, the Fugs, Bob Dylan and the Mothers of Invention contained references to sex and drugs (as if suggestive songs were anything new) and newspapers all over the country blossomed forth with complaints from readers, such as the following:

"The hedonistic youth of today are regressing into erotic, sensual machines, being programmed into committing reprehensible acts of off-beat sex and even further into smoking that 'killer drug' marijuana."

But Lenny Bruce had the last word on this subject: "There are no dirty songs — only dirty minds."

The peculiar notion that watching, hearing or reading about descriptions of or references to sexual activity can totally destroy the moral fiber of individuals and of society traces inevitably to the notion that sex is itself evil.

And this is the perversion of St. Paul which has infiltrated our entire culture, affecting a great many people who are not even religious and who have certainly never read the epistles of the apostle who believed that the body was inherently evil, and that pleasures of the body were degrading.

Happily, the idea is more widely accepted in our society today than it was twenty years ago that sex is a natural physical/emotional response, and that sexual stimulation is natural and healthy. Still, there are a great many people, on both sides of the generation gap, unfortunately, who are doggedly convinced that sexual stimulation is unnatural, dangerous and unhealthy. And judges, vice cops and legislators still pay a lot of attention to these prejudices, if they do not in fact share them.

It is clear that sexual activity and sexual stimulation can seem improper or dangerous only under unhealthy social conditions where a perverted attempt has been made to dam up the basic sex impulse.

It is just such an attempt that the puritans have made. To the puritan mind (and puritanism, unfortunately, has crept so deeply into all nooks and crannies of our culture that many people who do not consider themselves puritan still have some seemingly unshakeable prejudices which are derived from puritanism) sex is an evil necessity which God laid on Adam and Eve and all their descendants as a curse, and sex is to be exercised only for baby-making and then only the most severe limitations.

To such a mind, any sexual stimulus leads to depravity, and sex as free, natural, good and enjoyable simply cannot be conceived of or permitted. This point needs to be emphasized, as well as the fact that such a view is the ultimate in sexual pathology, perversion and obscenity.

The puritan, completely misunderstanding the frustrations which his own cramped philosophy creates, blames sexual violence and all sorts of other social ills, not on the frustration of natural impulses, but on the exercise of those impulses.

While causation is always difficult to establish in psychiatry (a fact that rarely seems to inhibit psychiatrists when in the act of public pontification) it seems clear from countless cases that frustration of the sexual impulse, not encouragement of it, is the chief and perhaps the exclusive cause of sexual derangement and violence. Therefore, pornography, as most psychiatric authorities have held, operates as a safety valve, letting off the sorts of pressures which would in many cases build up toward the commission of acts of sexual violence.

The enjoyment of pornography is of course an avenue of sexual expression, and to date, it is a form of sexual expression primarily utilized by, and aimed at, males. It has been assumed by many writers even that women simply did not respond to pornography in most cases.

What seems to be the fact however is that women's liberation, despite also having puritan tendencies of its own, is opening up new sexual freedom between women, and an increasing proportion of fine porn and erotic realism is now appearing that is written for, by and

about women.

Mary Sativa and Diana di Prima, both already well known as poets, were in the vanguard of this new movement with the books, ACID TEMPLE BALL and MEMOIRS OF A BEATNIK.

Ms. Sativa's ACID TEMPLE BALL is a sensuous and free account of her experiences, sexual and otherwise, in the hippie world of New York's Lower East Side and San Francisco. Through the haze of incense, marijuana and occultism comes a rich description of her sexual encounters which many a male homosexual reader could find empathy with.

Diana di Prima describes the same scene roughly a decade earlier, in a spirit closer to the homosexual sensitivity, writing in such a way that the reader could almost imagine that she is describing love between boys in those affairs that are not lesbian. Includes scenes with Alan Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac . . .

More recently, novels by Sandra Hochman and Lois Gould have boldly proclaimed the vibrant overtones of a new female sensuality.

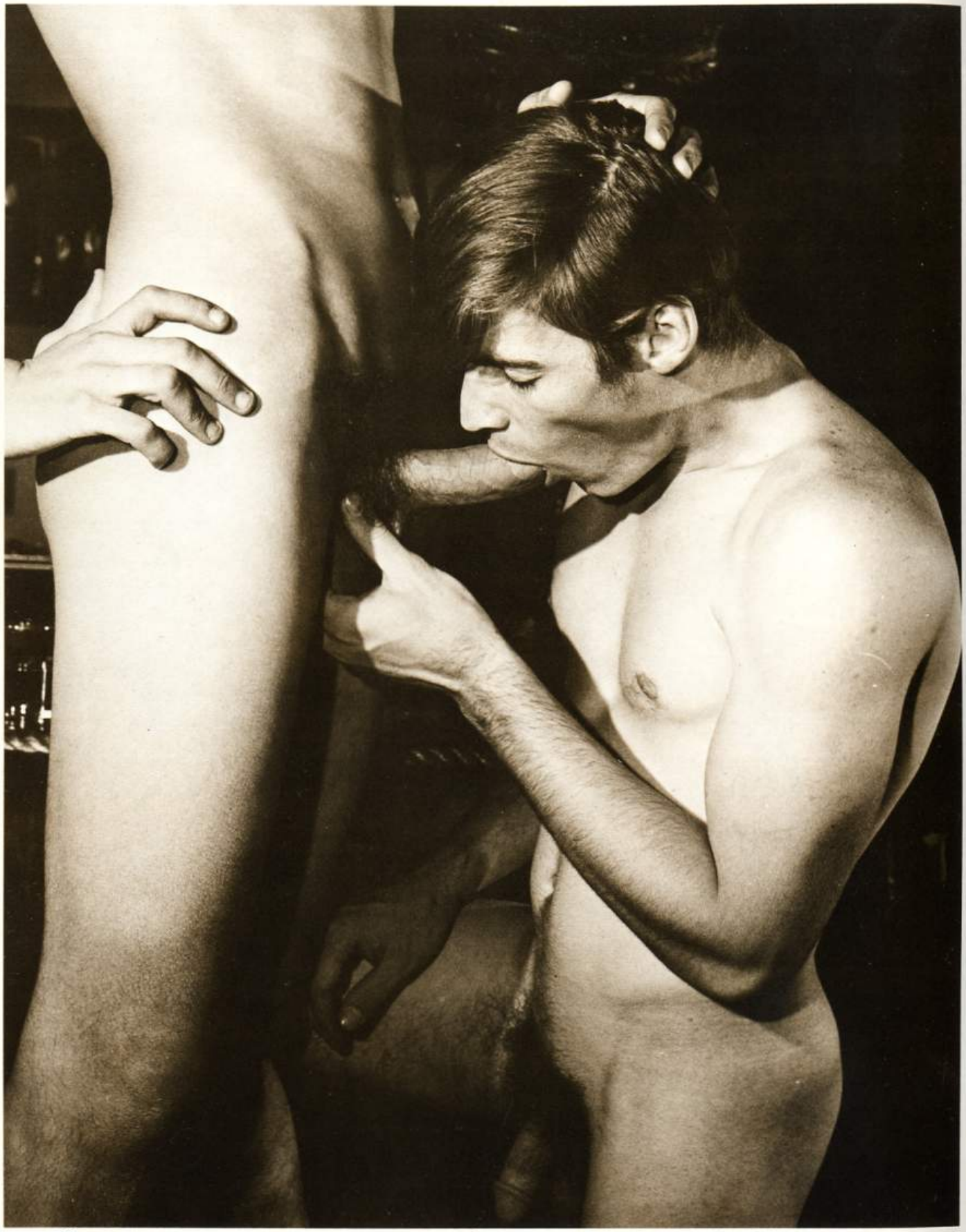
HEALTHY TO ENJOY SEX

We take as a starting point the antithesis of the puritan view. We insist that it is healthy to enjoy sex, whether by direct participation or by the vicarious enjoyments of pornography, or both, and conversely, that it is unhealthy and dangerous to throttle the natural development of sexual desires, or to try to force them into "socially approved" channels only.

Whatever the reasons may be, people differ in their sexual needs and inclinations, and much of the real sexual disturbance in society has resulted from trying to force persons into sexual roles which they did not want.

I have talked to hundreds of homosexuals, young and old, who were filled with self-destructive urges be-

(continued on page 19)



cause they had such extreme difficulty overcoming social prejudice and accepting the fact that their homosexual urgings are perfectly natural — for them if not necessarily for everyone else.

I have talked to hundreds of others generally heterosexual who will remain forever warped because of the intense guilt, shame and uncertainty forced on them as a result of some slight degree of homosexual urgings, or of other "variant" sexual impulses.

I have talked to hundreds of parents *who ought never have been parents,* because they either are not really heterosexually inclined, or because, if they are, they still have no natural feeling for parenthood, who despite the best intentions, can do nothing but psychic harm to their children — but who have been forced by society into parenthood because of the tyrannical and utterly stupid notion that everybody has a duty to bear children. It is quite clear that parenthood is no more for everyone than is being a doctor or a carpenter.

Parents who transmit to their children their own psychic fears of sex do the greatest possible harm, and those who, by reason of dogmatic prejudices or whatever, are not capable of raising children without making emotional cripples of them ought not be allowed to have children.

Member families in the Rene Guyon Society (named for the late Chief Justice of the High Court of Siam, a leading theoretician of sexual freedom) introduce their children to the full variety of sexual experience from the age of five. Guyonists believe, as do many modern parents who wouldn't go so far in practice, that a healthy *(i.e., free)* attitude toward sex is a vital necessity for a satisfactory and well-balanced life. The "mystery" which has so long surrounded sex, beloved by many who consider themselves otherwise liberal, is the chief root of most personal and social maladjustments.

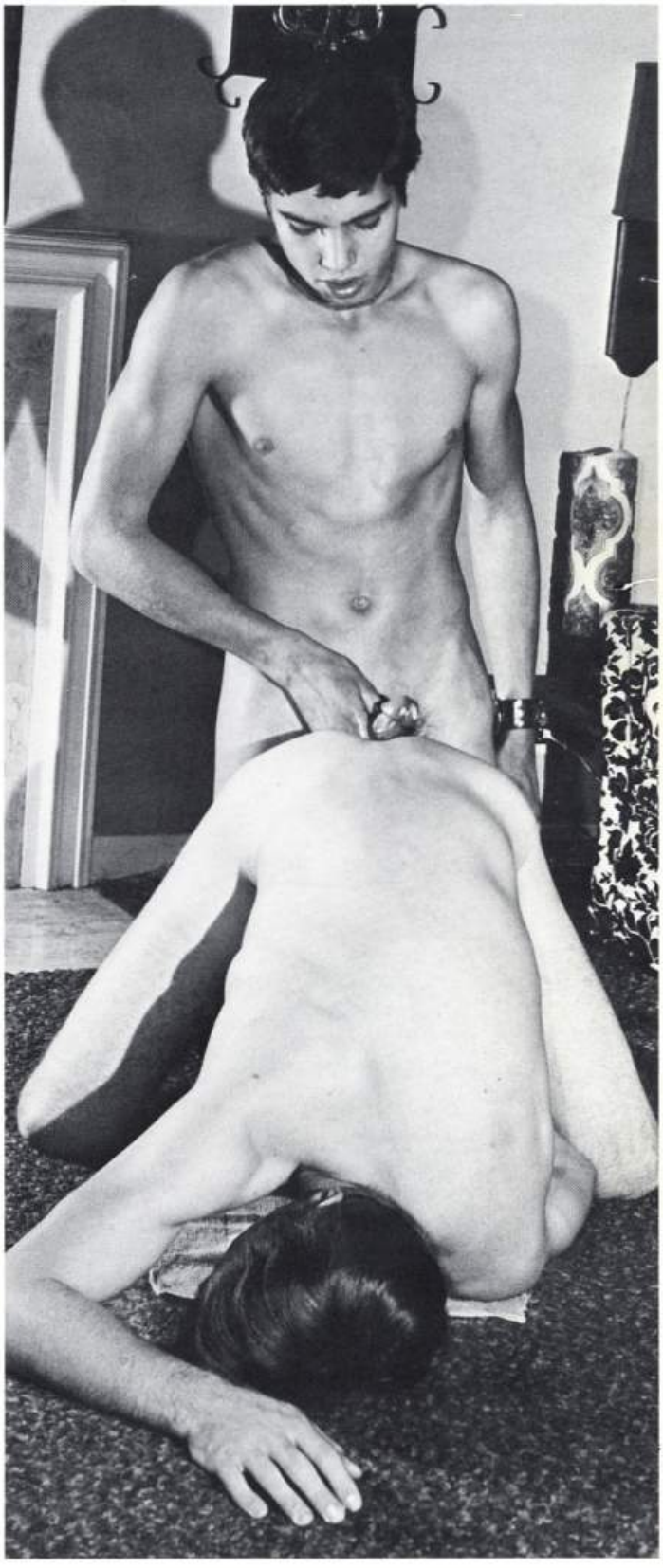
The clearest possible evidence for this was provided recently when Denmark lifted virtually all sex censorship. The expectations of the dark prophets, that free access to pornography would lead to an increase of crimes of sexual violence, and of psychic degeneracy, not only were not borne out, but the incidence of rape, indecent exposure and child molestation actually declined, lending support to the opposite theory that these sexual expressions are most often the result of an unwise attempt to throttle the sexual instincts.

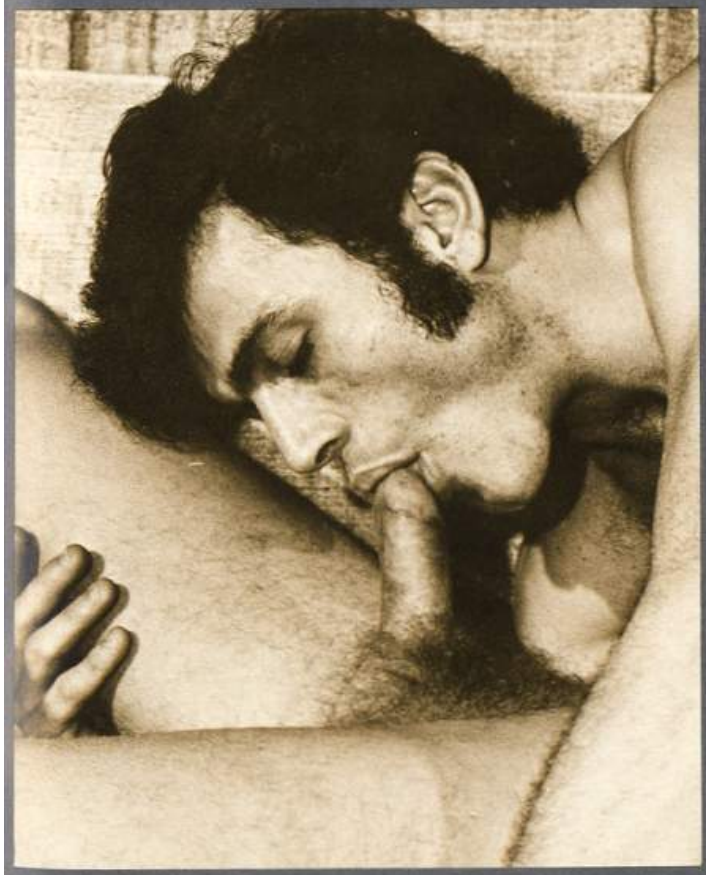
Not only did the incidence of sex crimes decline as a result of free access to pornography, but except for foreign visitors who flocked in to enjoy the new freedom, interest in pornography itself declined after a short season.

My experience with Dale J., a young man from an intensely religious family, is actually typical of several individuals I have dealt with. It was only by an unusual set of accidents that he came to me, and even more unusual that I was able to get to the heart of his trouble, for all the inclination which his Pentecostal parents had pounded into him made it extremely unlikely that he would even consent to discuss the sort of things that were troubling him.

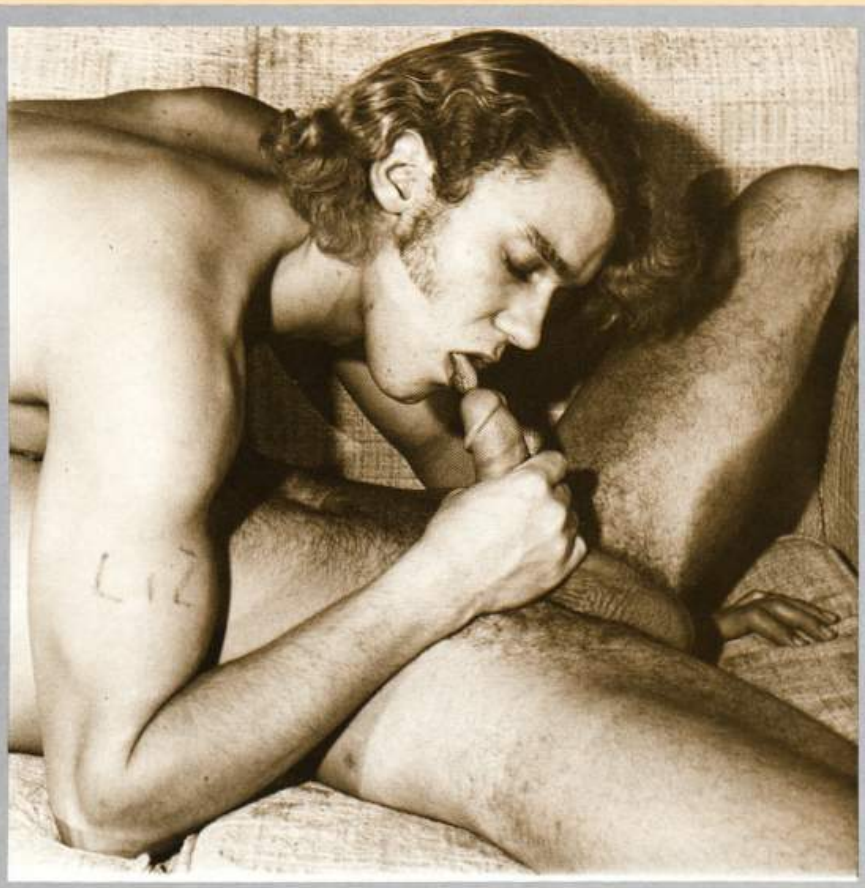
Another patient had left, as propaganda, a pamphlet on Bible prophesy in my office, and Dale fell quickly into an animated discussion of it, during which discus-

(continued on page 32)





LIZ



sion the nauseous headaches which he had come to see me about intensified.

I had only to listen to him talk about the prophesies for the destruction of this evil world to suspect that there might be a connecion between his headaches and his unbalanced religious convictions. But I knew it would not be wise to suggest this to him before he was ready to hear it.

I also quickly got inklings that, so long as I did not appear to challenge his dogmatic paranoia, he was reaching out for me in a distinctly homoerotic way, although I was certain that he did not understand those feelings, and would react with loathing if I pointed them out.

So I played the understanding-father role to the hilt, and he lapped it up — his own father having been something of a ramrod up his own ass, and I persuaded the young man (he was barely of age) to see me twice a week and just talk about his childhood and his dreams.

His parents had been itinerant preachers, and his father a drunk to boot. His father had beaten the children frequently, but this was not half so damaging as their mother's screaching threats to send them to hell (which she described in lurid detail) everytime they looked to the right or the left.

Dale had been attached to his brother, two years older, but once when he had actually broken character enough to embrace and kiss his brother, his mother

(continued on page 34)

had caught them and gone on so wildly about hellsfire that the brother had killed himself — an act the mother never ceased to blame Dale for.

The only reading material permissable had been the Bible, and Dale had enjoyed this, until he found himself, at age 12, and two years after his brother's death, seeking out the brutal passages, dwelling on the images of children impaled on swords, of children ripped apart by a she-bear, of souls burning in hell, and all the other bloody images with which that book is filled.

He began to imagine watching people in his neighborhood subjected to such tortures, and soon he expanded the tortures, imagining certain older boys being hanged, crucified, drawn and quartered, lashed, crushed with great rocks, and such.

These day dreams had been going on for sometime, the first time he experienced ejaculation, and it shook him badly. He began to imagining himself subjected to the tortures of hell, but that also had a sexual stimulus for him, and he began to wish to act out some of his fantasies.

That was when the headaches came on.

He had been using Bible passages as pornography, but was so guilty about doing this that he was about to go to pieces.

I really was not very sure of my ground, but decided to try putting him on a diet of some of the more lurid comic books. He resisted at first, convinced that they were works of the devil, but when he finally accepted them, they had an oddly cathartic effect, purging his tormented soul of its sado-masochistic feelings, and after a few months, he was able to laugh at his past up-tightness.

I led him, with the greatest of difficulty, to recognize his homosexuality — first by admitting to himself that the handsome male figures in the comic books turned

him on, and I weaned him over to some hardcore homosexual stories.

The shock at first was almost too much for him — I felt that he needed institutionalizing, but I felt, with equal conviction, that no institution I was familiar with would do anything other than to make him worse.

But I've never seen such a remarkable recovery.

He told me of a dream one day, getting terribly passionate while telling about it:

"I dreamed that I was mounted on the back of the Great Beast described in the Book of Revelation, and that the Whore of Babylon was attempting to smother me with her smelly breasts. We were flying through a sky filled with lightning and blood, and the Whore of Babylon was about to swallow me up between her legs, and then I looked down to a distant hill, a beautiful green sight, and there I saw young David and Prince Jonathan making love.

"And they were embracing just the way I had started to embrace Joe before my mother killed him, and I saw a man raise a bloody sword to slay Jonathan, and I screamed.

"The sword came down and castrated the young prince, and David began to weep and to put his lips to the bleeding spot, and I became Prince Jonathan with a

(continued on page 41)

bleeding wound between my legs, and it didn't hurt because David was kissing it, and I asked him if he loved me and he said yes, and we melted into one person and I woke up, and I feel as if there isn't anything wrong with me anymore.

"Wasn't that a crazy dream?"

It was a crazy dream, but it was also a healing dream, and I am convinced that he could have been healed much earlier by having had access to the sort of fantasy, sexual or otherwise, that would have released the agony in his spirit.

The evidence that pornography is not connected with violent crime seems fairly conclusive. Harold Kant and Michael Goldstein of Los Angeles did a study for the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography which demonstrated that all groups of sexual deviates, whether regular pornography purchasers or persons convicted of rape or child molestation and confined in Atascadero State Hospital, had had *less* than average access, as children, to pornographic materials.

This view was supported over a year before by a University of Chicago poll of more than 3400 psychiatrists.

80% of them said that they had never encountered a single case in which pornography appeared to be a causal factor in antisocial sexual behavior!

Just over 7% of them encountered at least one case in which they felt there was a link between pornography and anti-social sexual behavior, and just over 9% had cases in which they suspected a possible link, but were not convinced of it.

Over 86% believed that vigorous opponents of pornography are motivated by unresolved sexual problems

of their own.

Curiously, while almost 65% believed censorship to be harmful and repressive and inhibitive of creativity, almost 56% felt that some form of censorship of pornography was needed.

Albert Ellis, in his book *The Folklore of Sex* pointed up several years ago that Americans have an ambiguous set of standards about what should be allowed generally, and what they wish to do themselves.

A March, 1972 study by Dr. Stanley Fitch of El Camino College of 1000 Californians found that those who were asked their own opinions about homosexuality, pornography, and sex acts as entertainment in bars were more liberal on average than those asked what they thought most Californians felt. Contrasting sharply with the results reported from a survey conducted by Los Angeles Police officers — identifying themselves as such — a year earlier, Dr. Fitch found that only about one third of Californians (two thirds in the upper age brackets, one seventh for younger respondents) favored film and nightclub censorship and anti-homosexual legislation.

But the fight goes on . . .

A RETURN TO REPRESSION

With new more conservative men being appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, censors have very good reason to suspect that a total reversal of the present "permissiveness" may be possible.

Despite the fact that many church spokesmen have now come out in opposition to censorship, Adult book stores are again being subjected to waves of raids, and the expectation is that the High Court may completely overhaul the liberal rulings of the Warren court.

Such an unhappy swing of the pendulum is not unknown. There have been periods of relative freedom from censorship for at least parts of the country at earlier times in the Twentieth Century.

In a hearing of the Presidential Commission of Obscenity and Pornography held in March 1970 in San Francisco, Bishop Michael Francis Itkin, of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Love of Christ, an outspoken Gay activist, answered a chorus of butchers and clerics demanding censorship by the charge that censorship "stems from the unconstitutional establishment of a brand of extreme, fundamentalist religion, be it Catholic, Protestant or Jewish — which is anti-sex, anti-life and indeed, wallowing in its own inability to accept life in its full challenge."

The fight against censorship is like the fight against a fog without contour, without resistance, yielding, chilling, enveloping, obscuring and penetrating everywhere. To fight the fog, which slows down our activity, curtails our vision and poisons our lungs is desperately urgent. But it is no more than a fog, here and gone, and the worst form of censorship is self-censorship, where we become programmed to do the censor's work.

It is this kind of censorship that is paid lipservice to by so many liberals who keep mouthing the tired old apologetics:

"Oh, but sex isn't really a spectator sport."

"Well, one really ought to exercise some taste."

"After all, that sort of thing is really very childish."

"I'm not interested in pictures. Only the real thing."

All these genteel puritan responses do the censor's work for him, and one can point to hundreds of liberal articles in magazines (one for example in the March 72 issue of *Encounter)* which admit that censorship — chiefly political — is a bad thing, but insist that fire and brimstone will fall from the sky if children (or even adults too often) are allowed to see pictures of what they carry between their legs.

I WILL TAKE MY PRICK

Michael, a young man whom I treated lately for problems somewhat similar to those of Dale J., wrote me the following note last week, which I find moving, but which many would find deeply offensive:

"Dear Uncle Jack, (I hope you don't mind if I call you uncle, that seems so much better to describe the way I feel about you)

"I have just made a real groovy discovery: I have a prick!

"I didn't have a prick before. Mamma wouldn't let me have it, so I kept it hidden where not even I could see it. I closed my eyes when I held it in my hands to piss, because I thought it was something shameful.

"And now, thanks to you for letting the light into my eyes, I have a prick. I don't guess it's an unusual one — I thought it was kinda small at first, but you told me it is good enough to do the job — and now I can look at it and see that it is good.

"It is pinkish brown, and peach red on the head of it, with veins that look beautiful to me, and when it gets hard in my hands, I feel beautiful all over — even religious — for I still remember that it says that I was made in the image of God . . .

"So I can take my prick and run to the edge of the

earth and hold it out for God to look at, and I am sure now that he *will* look at it and say that it is good . . .

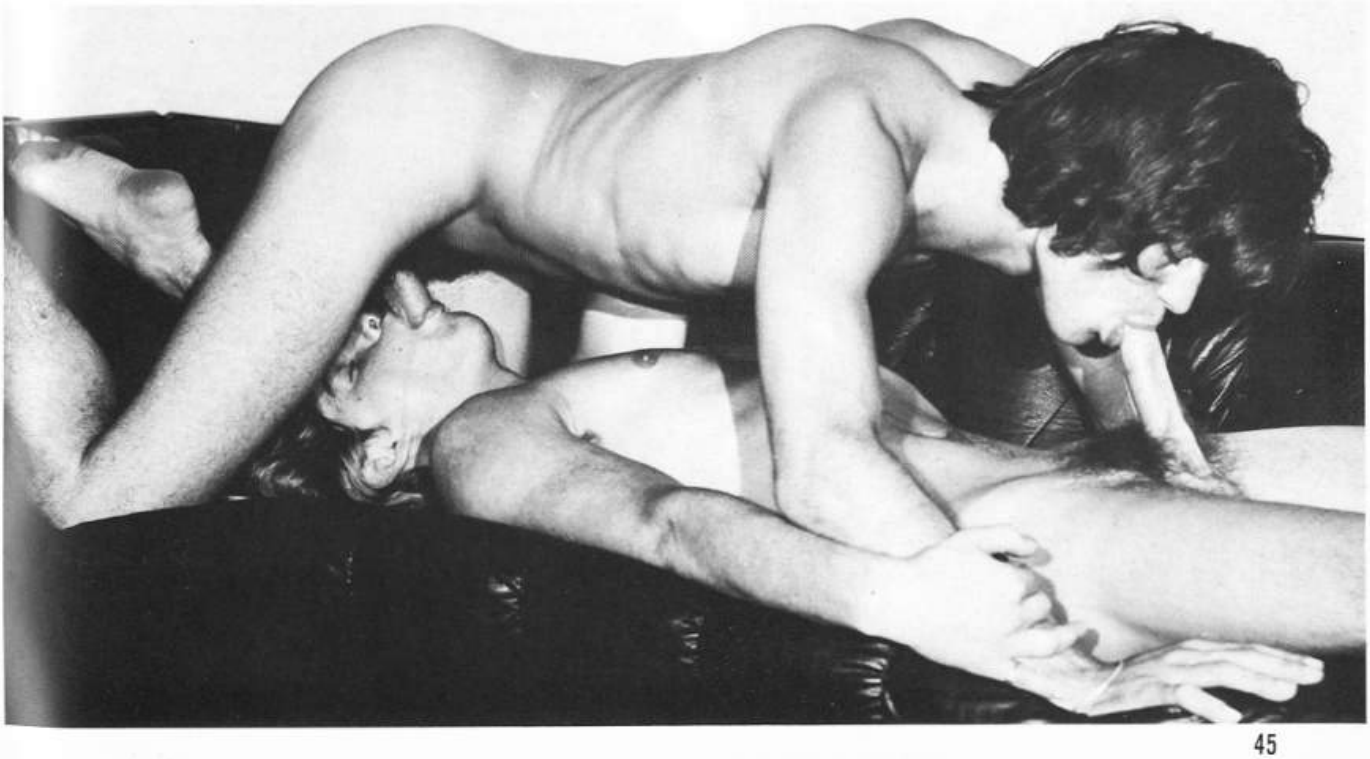
"I found an angel the other day to look at it with me — not the sort of place I would have expected to find an angel. It was in a toilet at the bus station, and this angel — he had long hippie hair and soft green eyes, and a long moustache that was like cornsilk, and a prick that must have been as beautiful as God's own, was holding his prick, long and slender and pale, and working it softly in his hands, with a little piss still coming down from it, bright, beautiful yellow-green stream from his soul, and I bent over starting to touch my finger to the tip of it . . .

"But I was afraid, and the angel saw the fear in my eyes and the trembling of my hand, and softly, firmly, his hand brushed my hand, his hand closed warm and accepting over my prick, over that thing that I had thought was the very horn of Lucifer.

"I knew all about the danger of places like that, but I didn't care! No one had ever touched my prick before, and until just a few days before that, I had not been able to touch it myself without fear and loathing.

"And the angel transfigured me like Christ. Right in front of the toilet, he held my prick in his soft hands, he put his lips down to it, brushed his cornsilk moustache against it, and immersed it in his sweet, warm mouth, and right then and there, we took my prick right up into heaven and laid it on the altar of God, and there was thunder and lightning, and the floods came out of my bowels and washed away all my guilt, and baptized the inner soul of my hippie angel blond cock-

(continued on page 46)



sucker lover stranger . . .

"I hope, Uncle Jack, that this doesn't sound crazy. I really feel — have felt ever since yesterday when I found my angel — that I've been on a cloud. The hippie boy did something to me that I will never be able to forget. You know, I am 21 already and yesterday was the first time I had ever come except for like wet dreams, I was so afraid to touch myself, my old Adam evil flesh . . .

"And now I can have joy in myself, in my flesh, in my prick.

"My angel was from Iowa and his name was Hank, would you believe it? and after he had sent me to heaven, he asked if I had any spare change and he disappeared, and then I went to that bath I read about in the paper, and oh mother-mother-mother did my lovely prick get a workout! I never dreamed there were so many beautiful ways to enter into another person, and all with my sweet, lovely, beautiful, wonderful prick!

"And with other men's pricks. I think fifteen different men had my prick in their mouths that one night, and five in my ass, and I put my own prick in three of their asses, and I felt like God himself."

Is that obscene? I think not. I really think not.

Educational Material

Not For Sale To Minors